

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Bread Line is a pathetic reality in New York city, and doubtless has its parallels in numerous other great cities of our land. Twenty-five hundred men, gaunt looking, half starved, half clad, crowd about the entrance to the Bowery Mission at the uncanny hour of one o'clock every night to receive the morsels of food that may be portioned out to them—the contribution that public charity makes to aid them in keeping soul and body together. They are described as heedless of the biting, wintry winds, careless of snow and sleet, huddling together for warmth and carrying a bit of board or sacking on which to stand while waiting for the line to move by slow stages up to the counters where the simple fare is dispensed. Early in the night the line begins to form and not until toward the morning hours has it entirely vanished. The beholder cannot fail to notice their shivering, shrunken bodies, their hollow eyes staring from pallid faces, their anxious look as they glare into the mission rooms, fearful that the last loaf may be gone before they can be supplied.

These are men out of work, and they are in the first stages of starvation; unfortunate they are, probably suffering because of their own sins in many cases, but our fellow-beings. Each was once a mother's pride and later in the flush of youth was lured by prospects of a bright, prosperous future. But strange things come into one's life unawares. Sometimes fortune smiles where its favor was little dreamed of and sometimes fortune takes its flight where it was thought to be most secure.

It is not always the fault of the man who is down that he isn't faring better in life. It is the fault of no one. In the shifting confusion of human affairs, the emerging of conditions that none could foresee, it comes to pass that many a manly heart is stricken and brought low; feet firmly planted have their foundations swept away, and the armor is stripped from the most vigilant and brave.

In the same city are the mansions of the rich, more elaborate in their appointment than the palaces of patriars amidst the most advanced luxuriousness of ancient Rome. The pauper and the money-magnate are neighbors and fellow-citizens in the metropolis of our great republic. What contrasted estates are the heritage of brethren!

"Whose fault is it?" may be inquired. The fault of none and the fault of all. Society is abnormally constructed; trade, citizenship, human conventionalities are on a wrong basis. They are of the earth earthy. As long as they are man-made they will be so. "All seek their own, not the things of Jesus Christ."

Men will go on with their humane societies, and this is well, but not until the compassionate Spirit of Christ possesses the souls of men, will there ever be a genuine and effective fraternity. The power that brought a Saviour to a lost race must be the power that will work mightily and triumphantly for the recovery of the race from the bondage and consequences of sin. No love is deep and abiding enough to go after that which is lost until he find it, except the love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Standing on public platforms and

stooping to dispense momentary comforts to the comfortless will not heal the world's wounds. You cannot quench Vesuvius with teaspoons of water. The rivers of divine love must overflow the conflagrations of earth.

Then let us give the gospel of dying love and living power to a stricken world. Let us possess that gospel and the faith which it inspires. Thus will our people

NOTES ON THE COUNCIL.

Dr. Searle and Dr. Shaw did fine preaching, sound, earnest, practical and helpful.

The members all enjoyed their entertainment in the hospitable homes of the people.

Dr. Alexander made an ideal host, and his introductions, albeit a little fulsome, were taking and most sincere.

Dr. Roberts paid a fine tribute to the Southern Church, in his response to the welcome to New Orleans.

When the discussion on Colored Evangelization was liveliest, the one black preacher, in the rear seat, was peacefully slumbering.

The Northern and Southern Churches really make up the council. Outside of their delegations there were only three members.

Fewer than half of the members were present. Eleven of the Southern Church's twelve, and fifteen of the Northern Church's thirty-one, were on hand.

The Kentucky Synod's attitude towards denominational institutions and the Carnegie Pension Fund was strongly reflected in Dr. Lyons' speech.

Each of the churches supplied by the members on Sunday insists that it had the best sermon of all. The old truths were taught and no uncertain gospel preached.

The impression was constantly made that the council can do very little. Everything of an executive nature must be referred to the original bodies appointing it.

One morning paper, alluding to the "after dinner" speeches at the luncheon, called them "bright," another put it "light." Was there only bad proof-reading here?

The council voted a good "honorarium" to the sexton. The hard work of this man, upon whose activity the comfort of a body depends so greatly, is usually little appreciated by the church courts.

Dr. Roberts, of Philadelphia, perceptibly "bridled" at the suggestion that perhaps the recent Church Federation meeting in Philadelphia might have been "stamped" by the introduction of some of our Reformed Church's general principles.

"The Westminster" is troubled because arrangement was made for an "escort of honor" for President Taft composed of the handsomest men that could be gathered. Is this a phase of the new doctrine of "femininity" which is thrusting itself into everything? The "feminine" in the Bible has been for a long time a fancy of the critics. Not long ago we saw articles on the "feminine" in Paul, and the "feminine" in Moses. Why not select men by their looks, not by their courage, or strength, or good deeds?